

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

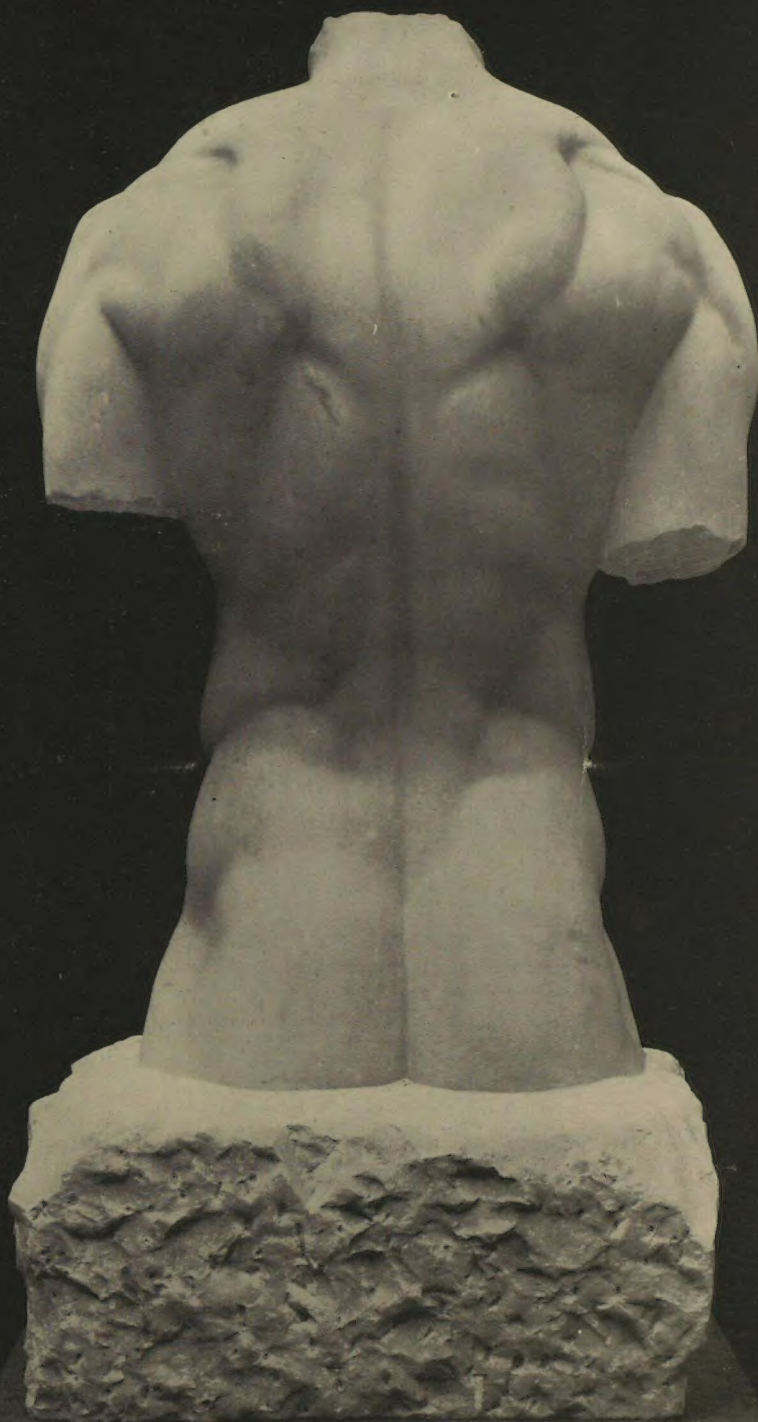
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 3985.—VOL. CXLVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



SERBIA'S SPLENDID GIFT TO LONDON: "THE TORSO OF A HERO," BY IVAN MESTROVIC—CALLED "THE SERBIAN RODIN."

The Mestrovic Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum having been, for the unconventionality and undeniable power of the works shown, one of the few successes of a season under eclipse, the Serbian Government, in recognition of London's appreciation of their famous peasant-sculptor, has generously presented to this country Mestrovic's great marble torso of "The glorious hero Strahinic Ban, renowned for his

manly beauty," which now stands in the Central Hall of the Museum. That the Mestrovic achievements should excite vigorous controversy was not surprising; but, while some objected to his methods, admiration of his power both in conception and realisation of his subjects was general. Ivan Mestrovic was born in 1883, at Otavice, near Drnis, son of a Croat peasant family. He spent his childhood as a shepherd-boy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

Scenes of War: Ruins.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

RHEIMS.

WHEN you go into Rheims by the Epernay road, the life of the street seems to be proceeding as usual, except that *octroi* formalities have been abolished. Women, some young and beautiful, stare nonchalantly as the car passes. Children are playing and shrieking in the sunshine; the little cafés and shops keep open door; the baker is busy; middle-aged persons go their ways in meditation upon existence. It is true there are soldiers; but there are soldiers in every important French town at all seasons of the year in peace-time. In short, the spectacle is just that ordinarily presented by the poorer exterior thoroughfares leading towards the centre of a city.

And yet, in two minutes, in less than two minutes, you may be in a quarter where no life is left. This considerable quarter is not seriously damaged—it is destroyed. Not many houses, but every house in it will have to be rebuilt from the cellars. This quarter is desolation. Large shops, large houses, small shops, and small houses have all been treated alike. The façade may stand, the roof may have fallen in entirely or only partially, floors may have disappeared altogether or may still be clinging at odd angles to the walls—the middle of every building is the same: a vast heap of what once was the material of a home or a business, and what now is foul rubbish. In many instances the shells have revealed the functioning of the home at its most intimate, and that is seen which none should see. Indignation rises out of the heart. Amid stacks of refuse you may distinguish a bath, a magnificent fragment of mirror, a piece of tapestry, a saucepan. In a funeral shop wreaths still hang on their hooks for sale. Telephone and telegraph wires depend in a loose tangle from the poles. The clock of the Protestant church has stopped at a quarter to six. The shells have been freakish. In one building a shell harmlessly made a hole in the courtyard large enough to bury every commander of a German army; another shell—a 210 mm.—went through an inner wall and opened up the cellars by destroying 150 square feet of ground-floor: ten people were in the cellars, and none was hurt. Uninjured signs of cafés and shops, such as "The Good Hope," "The Success of the Day," meet your gaze with sardonic calm.

The inhabitants of this quarter, and of other quarters in Rheims, have gone. Some are dead. Others are picnicking in Epernay, Paris, elsewhere. They have left everything behind them, and yet they have left nothing. Each knows his lot in the immense tragedy. Nobody can realise the whole of the tragedy. It defies the mind; and, moreover, the horror of it is allayed somewhat by the beautiful forms which ruin—even the ruin of modern ugly architecture—occasionally takes. The effect of the pallor of a bedroom wall-paper against smoke-blackened masonry, where some corner of a house sticks up like a tall, serrated column out of the confusion, remains obstinately in the memory, symbolising, somehow, the grand German deed.

For do not forget that this quarter accurately represents what the Germans came out of Germany into France deliberately to do. This material devastation, this annihilation of effort, hope, and love, this substitution of sorrow for joy—is just what plans and guns were laid for, what the worshipped leaders of the Fatherland prepared with the most wanton and scientific solicitude. It is desperately cruel. But it is far worse than cruel—it is idiotic in its immense futility. The perfect idiocy of the thing overwhelms you. And to your reason it is as monstrous that one population should overrun another with murder and destruction from political covetousness as that two populations should go to war concerning a religious creed. Indeed, it is more monstrous. It is an obscene survival, a phenomenon that has strayed, through some negligence of fate, into the wrong century.

Strange, in an adjoining quarter, partly but not utterly destroyed, a man is coming home in a cab with luggage from the station, and the servant-girl waits for him at the house-door. And I heard of a case where a property-owner who had begun to build a house just before the war has lately resumed building operations. In the Esplanade Ceres the fountain is playing amid all the ravage; and the German trenches, in that direction, are not more than two miles away.

It is quite impossible for any sane man to examine the geography of the region of destruction which I have so summarily described without being convinced that the Germans, in shelling it, were simply aiming at the Cathedral. Tracing the streets affected, one can follow distinctly the process of their searching for the precise range of the Cathedral. Practically the whole of the damage is concentrated on the line of the Cathedral.

But the Cathedral stands.

Its *parvis* is grass-grown; the hotels on the *parvis* are heavily battered, and if they are not destroyed it is because the cathedral sheltered them; the Archbishop's palace lies in fragments; all around is complete ruin. But the Cathedral stands, high above the level of disaster, a unique target, and a target successfully defiant. The outer roof is quite gone; much masonry is smashed; some of the calcined statues have exactly the appearance of tortured human flesh. But in its essence, and in its splendid outlines, the building remains—apparently unconquerable. The towers are particularly serene and impressive. The deterioration is, of course, tremendously severe. Scores, if

not hundreds, of statues, each of which was a masterpiece, are spoilt; great quantities of carving are defaced; quite half the glass is irremediably broken; the whole of the interior non-structural decoration is destroyed. But the massiveness of the Cathedral has withstood German shrapnel. The place will never be the same again, or nearly the same. Nevertheless, Rheims Cathedral triumphantly exists.

The Germans use it as a vent for their irritation. When things go wrong for them at other parts of the front, they shell Rheims Cathedral. It has absolutely no military interest, but it is beloved by civilised mankind, and therefore is a means of offence. The French tried to remove some of the glass, utilising an old scaffolding. At once the German shells came. Nothing was to be saved that shrapnel could destroy. Shrapnel is futile against the body of the Cathedral, as is proved by the fact that 3000 shells have fallen on or near it in a day and a night. If the Germans used high-explosive, one might believe that they had some deep religious aim necessitating the non-existence of the Cathedral. But they do not use high-explosive here. Shrapnel merely and uselessly torments.

When I first saw the Cathedral I was told that there had been calm for several days. I know that German agents in neutral countries constantly deny that the

got a scratch. Of an unsurpassed urbanity and austerity themselves, forming part of the finest civilisation which this world has yet seen, thoroughly appreciative of the subtle and powerful qualities of the race to which they belong, they exhibited a chill and restrained surprise at the manners of the invaders. One had seen two thousand champagne-bottles strewn around a château from which the invaders had decamped, and the old butler of the house going carefully through the grounds and picking up the bottles which by chance had not been opened. The method of opening champagne, by the way, was a stroke of the sabre on the neck of the bottle. The German manner was also to lay the lighted cigar on the finest table-linen, so that by the burnt holes the proprietors might count their guests. Another officer had seen a whole countryside of villages littered with orchestrons and absinthe-bottles, ground-work of an interrupted musical and bacchic fête whose details must be imagined, like many other revolting and scabrous details which no compositor would consent to set up in type, but which, nevertheless, are known and form a striking part of the unwritten history of the attack on civilisation. You may have read hints of these things again and again, but no amount of previous preparation will soften for you the shock of getting them first-hand from eye-witnesses whose absolute reliability it would be fatuous to question.

What these men with their vivid gestures, bright eyes, and perfect phrasing most delight in is personal heroism. And be it remembered that, though they do tell a funny story about German scouts who, in order to do their work, painted themselves the green of trees—and then, to complete the illusion, when they saw a Frenchman began to tremble like leaves—they give full value to the courage of the invaders. But, of course, it is the courage of Frenchmen that inspires their narrations. I was ever so faintly surprised by their candid and enthusiastic appreciation of the heroism of the auxiliary services. They were lyrical about engine-drivers, telephone-repairers, stretcher-bearers, and so on. The story which had the most success concerned a soldier (a schoolmaster) who in an engagement got left between the opposing lines, a quite defenceless mark for German rifles. When a bullet hit him, he cried, "Vive la France!" When he was missed he kept silent. He was hit again and again, and at each wound he cried, "Vive la France!" He could not be killed. At last they turned a machine-gun on him and raked him from head to foot. "Vive la——"

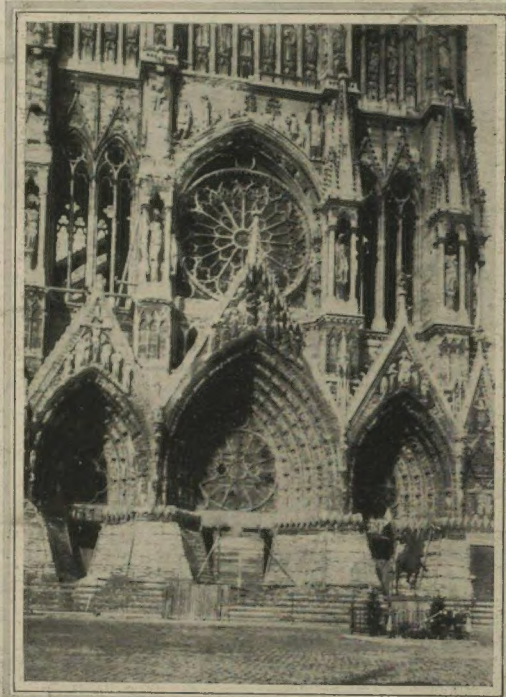
ARRAS.

It was a long, windy, dusty drive to Arras. The straight, worn roads of flinty chalk passed for many miles through country where there was no military activity save that of the crops pushing themselves up. Everything was dedicated to the war. Only at one dirty little industrial town did we see a large crowd of men waiting after lunch to go into a factory. These male civilians had a very odd appearance; it was as though they had been left out of the war by accident, or by some surprising benevolence. One thought first, "There must be some mistake here." But there was probably no mistake. Those men were doubtless in the immense machine.

After we had traversed a more attractive agricultural town, with a town-hall whose architecture showed that Flanders was not very far off, the soil changed and the country grew more sylvan and delectable. And the sun shone hotly. Camps alternated with orchards, and cows roamed in the camps and also in the orchards. And among the trees could be seen the blue draperies of women at work. Then the wires of the field-telephones and telegraphs on their elegantly slim bamboos were running alongside us. And once or twice, roughly painted on a bit of bare wood, we saw the sign: "Vers le Front." Why any sign should be necessary for such a destination I could not imagine. But perhaps humour had entered into the matter. At length we perceived Arras in the distance, and at a few kilometres it looked rather like itself: it might have been a living city.

When, however, you actually reach Arras you cannot be deceived for an instant as to what has happened to the place. It offers none of the transient illusion of Rheims. The first street you see is a desolation, empty and sinister. Grimy curtains bulge out at smashed windows. Everywhere the damage of shells is visible. The roadway and the pavements are littered with bits of homes. Grass flourishes among the bits. You proceed a little further to a large, circular *place*, once imposing. Every house in it presents the same blighted aspect. There is no urban stir. But in the brief intervals of the deafening cannonade can be heard one sound—blinds and curtains fluttering against empty window-frames, and perhaps the idle, faint banging of a loose shutter. Not even a cat walks. We are alone, we and the small group of Staff Officers who are acting as our hosts. We feel like thieves, like desecrators, impiously prying.

At the other side of the *place* a shell has dropped before a house and sliced away all its front. On the ground floor is the drawing-room. Above that is the bedroom, with the bed made and the white linen smoothly showing. The marvel is that the bed, with all the other furniture, does not slide down the sloping floor into the street. But everything remains moveless and placid. The bedroom is like a show. It might be the bedroom of some famous man exposed to worshipping tourists at sixpence a head. A



"THE PLACE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN, OR NEARLY THE SAME"; DAMAGED RHEIMS CATHEDRAL; WITH SAND-BAG PROTECTION.

Cathedral is now shelled. When I saw the Cathedral again the next morning, five shells had just been aimed at it. I inspected the hole excavated by a 155-mm. shell at the foot of the eastern extremity, close to the walls. This hole was certainly not there when I made the circuit of the Cathedral on the previous evening. It came into existence at 6.40 a.m., and I inspected it at 8.20 a.m., and a newspaper boy offered me that morning's paper on the very edge of it. A fragment of shell, picked up warm by the architect in charge of the Cathedral and given to me, is now in my pocket.

A LUNCHEON PARTY.

We had a luncheon party at Rheims, in a certain hotel. This hotel had been closed for a time, but the landlady had taken heart again. The *personnel* appeared to consist solely of the landlady and a relative. Both women were in mourning. They served us themselves, and the meal was excellent, though one could get neither soda-water nor cigars. Shells had greeted the city a few hours earlier, but their effect had been only material; they are entirely ignored by the steadfast inhabitants, who do their primitive business in the desolated, paralysed organism with an indifference which is as resigned as it is stoic. Those ladies might well have been blown to bits as they crossed the courtyard bearing a dish of cherries or a bottle of wine. The sun shone steadily on the rich foliage of the street, and dogs and children lolled mildly beneath the branches.

Several officers were with us, including two Staff Officers. These officers, not belonging to the same unit, had a great deal to tell each other and us: so much, that the luncheon lasted nearly two hours. Some of them had been in the retreat, in the battles of the Marne and of the Aisne, and in the subsequent trench fighting; none had

few chairs have fallen out of the house, and they lie topsy-turvy in the street amid the debris; no one has thought to touch them. In all directions thoroughfares branch forth, silent, grass-grown, and ruined.

"You see the strong fortress I have!" says the Commanding Officer with genial sarcasm. "You notice its high military value. It is open at every end. You can walk into it as easily as into a windmill. And yet they bombard it. Yesterday they fired twenty projectiles a minute for an hour into the town. A performance absolutely useless! Simple destruction! But they are like that!"

So we went forward further into the city, and saw sights still stranger. Of one house nothing but the roof was left, the roof made a triumphal arch. Everywhere potted plants, boxed against walls or suspended from window-frames, were freshly blooming. All the streets were covered with powdered glass. In many streets telegraph and telephone wires hung in thick festoons like abandoned webs of spiders, or curled themselves round the feet; continually one had to be extricating oneself from them. Continually came the hollow sound of things falling and slipping within the smashed interiors behind the façades. And then came the sound of a baby crying. For this city is not, after all, uninhabited. We saw a woman coming out of her house and carefully locking the door behind her. Was she locking it against shells, or against burglars? Observe those pipes rising through gratings in the pavement, and blue smoke issuing therefrom. Those pipes are the outward sign that such inhabitants as remain have transformed their cellars into drawing-rooms and bedrooms. We descended into one such home. The real drawing-room, on the ground-floor, had been invaded by a shell. In that apartment richly carved furniture was mixed up with pieces of wall and pieces of curtain under a thick layer of white dust. But the underground home, with its arched roof and aspect of extreme solidity, was tidy and very snugly complete in all its arrangements, and the dark entrance to it well protected against the hazards of bombardment.

"Nevertheless," said the master of the home, "a 210-mm. shell would penetrate everything. It would be the end."

He threw up his hands with a nonchalant gesture. He was a fatalist worthy of his city, which is now being besieged and ruined not for the first time. The Vandals (I mean the original Vandals) laid waste Arras again and again. Then the Franks took it. Then, in the ninth century, the Normans ravaged it; and then Charles the Simple; and then Lothair; and then Hugh Capet. In the fifteenth century Charles VI. besieged it for seven weeks, and did not take it. Under Louis XI. it was atrociously outraged. It revolted, and was retaken by assault, its walls razed, its citizens expatriated, and its name changed. Useless! The name returned, and the citizens. At the end of the fifteenth century it fell under Spanish rule, and had no kind of peace whatever until, after another siege by a large French army, it was regained by France in 1640. Fourteen years later the House of Austria had yet another try for it, and the Archduke Leopold laid siege to the city. He lost 7,000 men, 64 guns, 3,000 horses, and all his transport, and fled. (Last August was the first August in two hundred and sixty years which has not witnessed a municipal fête in celebration of this affair.) Since then Arras has had a tolerably quiet time, except during the Revolution. It suffered nothing in 1870. It now suffers. And apparently those inhabitants who have stood fast have not forgotten how to suffer; history must be in their veins.

In the street where we first noticed the stove-pipes sprouting from the pavement, we saw a postman in the regulation costume of the French postman, with the regulation black, shiny wallet-box hanging over his stomach, and the regulation pen behind his ear, smartly delivering letters from house to house. He did not knock at the doors; he just stuck the letters through the empty window-frames. He was a truly remarkable sight.

Then we arrived by a curved street at the Cathedral of St. Vaast. St. Vaast, who preached Christianity after it had been forgotten in Arras, is all over the district in the nomenclature of places. Nobody among the dilettanti has a good word to say for the Cathedral, which was built in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, and which exhibits a kind of simple baroque style, with Corinthian pillars in two storeys. But Arras Cathedral is the most majestic and striking ruin at the Front. It is superlatively well placed on an eminence by itself, and its dimensions are tremendous. It towers over the city far more imposingly than Chartres Cathedral towers over Chartres. The pale simplicity of its enormous lines and surfaces renders it better suited for the martyrdom of bombardment than any Gothic building could possibly be. The wounds are clearly visible on its flat façades, uncomplicated by much carving and statuary. They are terrific wounds, yet they do not appreciably impair the ensemble of the fane. Photographs and pictures of Arras Cathedral ought to be cherished by German commanders, for they have accomplished nothing more austere picturesque, more religiously impressive, more idiotically sacrilegious, more exquisitely futile than their achievement here. And they are adding to it weekly. As a spectacle, the Cathedral of Rheims cannot compare with the Cathedral of Arras.

In the north transept a 325-mm. shell has knocked a clean hole through which a mastodon might wriggle. Just opposite this transept, amid universal wreckage, a café is miraculously preserved. Its glass, mugs, counters, chairs, and ornaments are all there, covered with white dust,

exactly as they were left one night. You could put your hand through a window aperture and pick up a glass. Close by, the lovely rafter-work of an old house is exposed, and, within, a beam has fallen from the roof to the ground. This beam is burning. The flames are industriously eating away at it, like a tiger gnawing in tranquil content at its prey which it has dragged to a place of concealment. There are other fires in Arras, and have been for some days. But what are you to do? A step further on is a greengrocer's shop, open and doing business.

We gradually circled round the Cathedral until we arrived at the Town Hall, built in the sixteenth century, very carefully restored in the nineteenth, and knocked to pieces in the twentieth. We approached it from the back, and could not immediately perceive what had happened to it, for later erections have clustered round it, and some of these still existed in their main outlines. In a great courtyard stood an automobile, which certainly had not moved for months. It was a wreck, overgrown with rust and pustules. This automobile well symbolised the desolation, open and concealed, by which it was surrounded. A touchingly forlorn thing, dead and deaf to the never-ceasing, ever-reverberating chorus of the guns!

To the right of the Town Hall, looking at it from the rear, we saw a curving double row of mounds of brick, stone, and refuse. Understand: these had no resemblance to houses; they had no resemblance to anything whatever except mounds of brick, stone, and refuse. The sight of them acutely tickled my curiosity. "What is this?"

"It is the principal business street in Arras."



"A VAST HEAP OF WHAT WAS ONCE THE MATERIAL OF A HOME OR A BUSINESS, AND WHAT NOW IS FOUL RUBBISH": RUINS IN RHEIMS.

The mind could picture it at once—one of those narrow, winding streets which in ancient cities perpetuate the most ancient habits of the citizens, maintaining their commercial pre-eminence in the face of all town-planning; a street leading to the Town Hall; a dark street full of jewellers' shops and ornamented women and correctness and the triumph of correctness; a street of the "best" shops, of high rents, of famous names, of picturesque signs; a street where the wheels of traffic were continually inter-locking, but a street which would not, under any consideration, have widened itself by a single foot, because its narrowness was part of its prestige. Well, German gunnery has brought that street to an end past all resuscitation. It may be rebuilt—it will never be the same street. "What's the name of the street?" I asked.

None of the officers in the party could recall the name of the principal business street in Arras, and there was no citizen within hail. The very name had gone, like the forms of the houses. I have since searched for it in guides, encyclopædias, and plans; but it has escaped me—with-drawn and lost, for me, in the depths of history.

The street had suffered, not at all on its own account, but because it happened to be in the line of fire of the Town Hall. It merely received some portion of the blessings which were intended for the Town Hall, but which overshot their mark. The Town Hall (like the Cathedrals here and at Rheims) had no military interest or value, but it was the finest thing in Arras, the most loved thing, an irreplaceable thing; and therefore the Germans made a set at it, as they made a set at the Cathedrals. It is just as if, having got an aim on a soldier's baby, they had started to pick off its hands and feet, saying to the soldier: "Yield, or we will finish your baby." Either the military ratiocination is thus, or the deed is simple lunacy.

When we had walked round to the front of the Town Hall we were able to judge to what extent the beautiful building had monopolised the interest of the Germans. The Town Hall stands at the head of a magnificent and enormous arcaded square, uniform in architecture, and no doubt dating from the Spanish occupation. Seeing this square, and its scarcely smaller sister a little further on, you realise that indeed you are in a noble city. The square had hardly been touched by the bombardment. There had been no shells to waste on the square while the more precious Town Hall had one stone left upon another. From the lower end of the square, sheltered from the rain by the arcade, I made a rough sketch of what remains of the Town Hall. Comparing this sketch with an engraved view taken from exactly the same spot, one can see graphically what had occurred. A few arches of the ground-floor colonnade had survived in outline. Of the upper part of the façade nothing was left save a fragment of wall showing two window-holes. The rest of the façade, and the whole of the roof, was abolished. The later building attached to the left of the façade had completely disappeared. The carved masonry of the earlier building to the right of the façade had survived in a state of severe mutilation. The belfry which, rising immediately behind the Town Hall, was once the highest belfry in France (nearly 250 feet), had vanished. The stump of it, jagged like the stump of a broken tooth, obstinately persisted, sticking itself up to a level a few feet higher than the former level of the crest of the roof. The vast ruin was heaped about with refuse.

Arras is not in Germany. It is in France. I mention this fact because it is notorious that Germany is engaged in a defensive war, and in a war for the upholding of the highest civilisation. The Germans came all the way across Belgium, and thus far into France, in order to defend themselves against attack. They defaced and destroyed all the beauties of Arras, and transformed it into a scene of desolation unsurpassed in France, so that the highest civilisation might remain secure and their own hearths intact. One wonders what the Germans would have done had they been fighting, not a war of defence and civilisation, but a war of conquest and barbarism. The conjecture may, perhaps, legitimately occupy the brains of citizens. In any case, the French Government would do well to invite to such places as Arras, Soissons, and Senlis groups of Mayors of the cities of all countries, so that these august magistrates may behold for themselves and realise in their souls what defensive war and the highest civilisation actually do mean when they come to the point.

Personally, I am against a policy of reprisals, and yet I do not see how Germany can truly appreciate what she has done unless an object-lesson is created for her out of one of her own cities. And she emphatically ought to appreciate what she has done. One city would suffice. If, at the end of the war, Cologne were left as Arras was when I visited it, a definite process of education would have been accomplished in the Teutonic mind. The event would be hard on Cologne, but not harder than the other event has been on Arras. Moreover, it is held, I believe, that the misfortunes of war bring out all that is finest in the character of a nation, and that therefore war, with its sweet accompaniments, is a good and a necessary thing. I am against a policy of reprisals, and yet—such is human nature—having seen Arras, I would honestly give a year's income to see Cologne in the same condition. And to the end of my life I shall feel cheated if Cologne or some similar German town is not in fact ultimately reduced to the same condition. This state of mind comes of seeing things with your own eyes.

Proceeding, we walked through a mile or two of streets in which not one house was inhabited nor undamaged. Some of these streets had been swept, so that at the first

glance they seemed to be streets where all the citizens were indoors, reflecting behind drawn blinds and closed shutters upon some incredible happening. But there was nobody indoors. There was nobody in the whole quarter—only ourselves; and we were very unhappy and unquiet in the solitude. Almost every window was broken; every wall was chipped; chunks had been knocked out of walls, and at intervals there was no wall. One house showed the different paperings of six rooms all completely exposed to the gaze. The proprietor evidently had a passion for anthracite stoves; in each of the six fireplaces was an anthracite stove, and none had fallen. The post-office was shattered.

Then the railway station of Arras! A comparatively new railway station, built by the Compagnie du Nord in 1898. A rather impressive railway station. The great paved place in front of it was pitted with shell-holes of various sizes. A shell had just grazed the elaborate façade, shaving ornaments and mouldings off it. Every pane of glass in it was smashed. All the ironwork had a rich brown rust. The indications for passengers were plainly visible. Here you must take your ticket; here you must register your baggage; here you must wait. We could look through the station as through the ribs of a skeleton. The stillness of it under the rain and under the echoes of the fireless artillery was horrible. It was the most unnatural, ghostly, ghastly railway station one could imagine. As within the station, so on the platforms. All the glass of the shelters for passengers was broken to little bits; the ironwork thickly encrusted. The signals were unutterably forlorn in their ruin. And on the lines themselves rampant vegetation had grown four feet high—a conquering jungle. The defence of German soil is a mighty and a far-reaching affair.

This was on July 7, 1915.

[The Fourth of this Series will be given next week.]

THE V.C.'S-BY-VOTE ACTION: THE ASSAULT AT "LANCASHIRE LANDING," GALLIPOLI.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



THE OPENING PHASE OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS' ATTACK, WHICH WON THREE VICTORIA CROSSES FOR THE BATTALION: WADING ASHORE IN THE FACE OF SHRAPNEL, MACHINE-GUN FIRE, AND MUSKETRY, SURMOUNTING THE WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS IN THE CENTRE, AND TURNING THEM AT EITHER END BEFORE STORMING THE HEIGHTS.

Three V.C.'s were announced in the "London Gazette" of August 24 as having been awarded to an officer, an M.C.O., and a private of the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers for "most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty" at the landing on Gallipoli Peninsula on April 25. The three were Captain Richard Raymond Willis, Sergeant Alfred Richards, and Private William Keneally, who, as the "Gazette" notice stated, were selected for the Victoria Cross by the general voice of their comrades. Our illustration shows the scene at "Lancashire Landing," as "W Beach" is now known all over the Empire, at the time the heroic exploit took place. Apparently serious resistance was not expected at that point; but, as the boats with the troops got well inshore, the Turks suddenly opened fire on them from hidden positions with shrapnel, machine-guns, and musketry. The men sprang overboard, and, up to the

armpits, waded ashore, where a long stretch of barbed wire faced them. Captain Willis and a number of men with him daringly got through the obstruction, and the survivors of the party sheltered behind a mound, whence they returned the Turkish fire. They had first to clean their rifles with pull-throughs, and even with tooth-brushes, to get the sand out of the barrels. Meanwhile, others of the regiment lay down close to the barbed wire to fire—only to be suddenly decimated by more hidden Turkish machine-guns posted to flank the beach. With fresh men, they eventually made a way round the ends of the entanglement, and joined Captain Willis. All thereupon charged the Turkish trenches, where, in spite of the most stubborn resistance, the Turks were driven out. In the end, the Lancashires worked up to the higher ground commanding the beach, which by nightfall they held firmly.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BARBAROUS ATTACK ON THE "E 13": TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD, AT HULL.

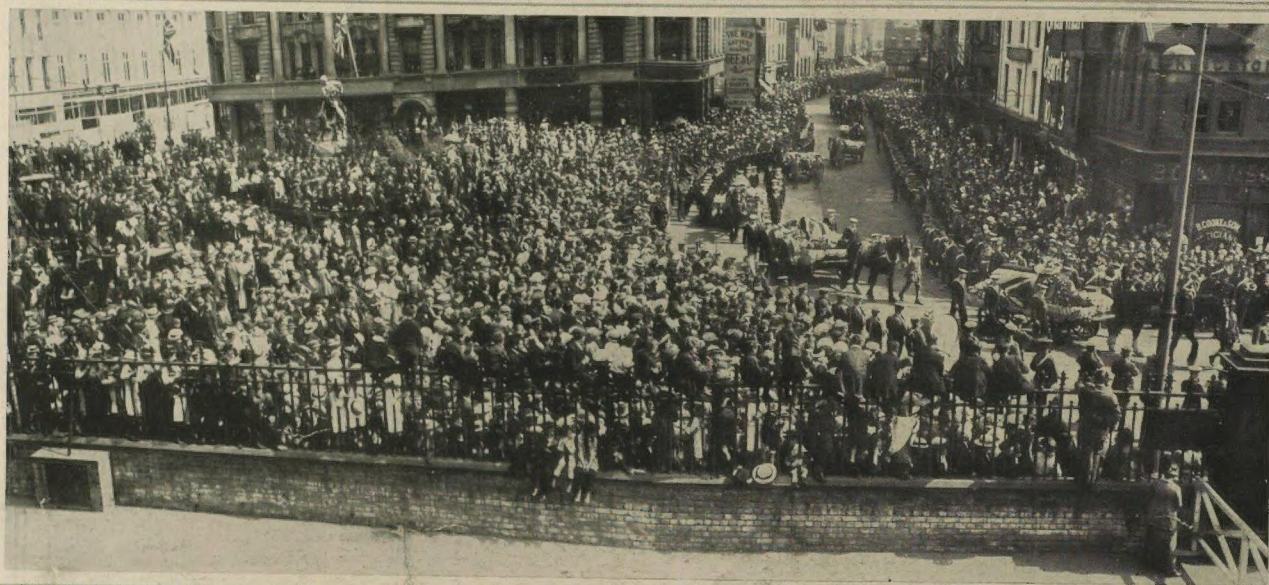
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, ALFIERI, AND L.N.A.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE DEAD HEROES OF "E 13" AT HULL BLUEJACKETS CARRYING THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFINS THROUGH THE STATION YARD.



SAILORS PLACING COFFINS IN THE WAITING-ROOM—THROUGH A WINDOW: A SCENE AT PARAGON STATION, HULL.



A CITY'S HOMAGE TO THE DEAD: THE PROCESSION AND IMMENSE CROWD OUTSIDE PARAGON STATION, HULL.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE GALLANT DEAD: BLUEJACKETS REMOVING WREATHS SENT BY HER MAJESTY AND OTHER SYMPATHISERS.



A LAST TRIBUTE: THE FINAL CEREMONY IN PARAGON STATION YARD.

The outrage which followed the grounding of the "E 13" on the Danish island of Saltholm—the attack on the submarine in its helpless condition by a German destroyer, which set her ablaze from stem to stern, and their firing upon the British sailors who were in the water—amounted to a barbarism which will be long remembered to the detriment of the Germans. A Danish torpedo-boat lowered her boats and pluckily steamed between the submarine and the German destroyers, but already many of our

sailors had been killed. On Saturday, August 28, fourteen bodies of the crew were landed at Hull, and the event was made the occasion of a great demonstration of sympathy and sorrow. With the sympathy was blended bitter indignation at the thought that while the men of the "E 13" were in the water they were fired on by machine-guns and shrapnel. The scenes en route to and at the Paragon Station at Hull were remarkable. Fourteen wreaths were sent by Queen Alexandra.

THE "E 13" OUTRAGE: OUR STRANDED SUBMARINE SHELLED.

DRAWN BY CHRISTIAN BOGÅ FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY EYE-WITNESSES.



WITH HER CAPTAIN ON BOARD TO THE LAST: THE CREW OF THE "E 13" TAKING TO THE WATER, AFTER THE ORDER TO ABANDON SHIP, UNDER FIRE FROM GERMAN SHRAPNEL.

The Admiralty announced on August 20: "A British submarine, 'E 13' (Lieutenant-Commander Layton), on its way to the Baltic, grounded yesterday morning on the Danish island of Saltholm, in the Sound. Fifteen officers and men are reported to have been saved, while fifteen are missing." In a fuller account issued next day, the Admiralty stated: "At 9 a.m., while three Danish torpedo-boats were anchored close to the submarine, two German torpedo-boat destroyers approached from the south. When about half a mile away, one of these destroyers hoisted a commercial flag signal, but before the commanding officer of 'E 13' had time to read it the German destroyer

fired a torpedo at her from a distance of about 300 yards, which exploded on hitting the bottom close to her. At the same moment the German destroyer fired with all her guns, and Lieutenant-Commander Layton, seeing that his submarine was on fire fore and aft, and unable to defend himself owing to being aground, gave orders for the crew to abandon her. While the men were in the water they were fired on by machine-guns and with shrapnel. One of the Danish torpedo-boats immediately lowered her boats and steamed between the submarine and the German destroyers, who, therefore, had to cease fire and withdrew."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PORTABLE TRENCHES! "STAGE SCENERY" AS COVER FOR OBSERVERS.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



BEHIND IRON PLATES COVERED WITH PAINTED CANVAS AND TUFTS OF GRASS: FRENCH INFANTRY SHELTERED BY IMITATION TRENCHES.

The stalking-screen is a well-known device used by sportsmen the world over for approaching big game. In our sketch we see the idea applied to the present warfare by French soldiers seeking advanced cover for observation. The screens in question are of iron plates covered with canvas so painted that the construction looks like a length of trench, and the deception is heightened by fastening tufts of grass to the canvas.

Seen close, these "portable trenches" look exactly like a piece of scenery from a theatre; while at a distance they seem the real thing. The theatre is suggested also by the "netted" eye-holes, which resemble those netted holes in pantomime beasts through which the "fore-legs" actor sees where he is going. Two or three men may thus keep watch in secret, creeping forward as opportunity offers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S.A. and Canada.]

"THE CATHEDRAL STANDS . . . A TARGET SUCCESSFULLY DEFIANT."

PHOTOGRAPH BY POLEY.



A WRECKED MASTERPIECE OF CENTURIES: THE APSE OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL VIEWED FROM THE INTERIOR OF A HOUSE BOMBARDED AND BURNED OUT.

Describing the state of Rheims Cathedral, Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his article in another part of the present issue, says this: "It is quite impossible . . . to examine the region of destruction . . . without being convinced that the Germans were simply aiming at the Cathedral. Tracing the streets affected, one can follow distinctly the process of their searching for the precise range of the Cathedral. Practically the whole of the damage is concentrated on the line of the Cathedral. But the Cathedral

stands. . . . The hotels on the *parvis* are heavily battered, and if they are not destroyed it is because the Cathedral sheltered them; the Archbishop's palace lies in fragments; all around is complete ruin. But the Cathedral stands, high above the level of disaster, a unique target, and a target successfully defiant. The outer roof is quite gone; much masonry is smashed. . . . But in its essence, and in its splendid outlines, the building remains—apparently unconquerable."

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



SEEKING AT BURGERS THE PASSING ON THEIR GROUND—STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (16th CENTURY).



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLOISTER OF A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (13th CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BISON, AND THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF LITHUANIA.

THE announcement that Prince Josef von Isenburg Birstein, a member of the Prussian Senate, has been appointed head of the civil Government of Lithuania will be read with profound misgivings by all sportsmen, who will have, in this, an additional

to some they are of a distinct species, but the consensus of opinion goes to show that they must be regarded as representing no more than a sub-species. This Caucasian animal is also in jeopardy from the ravages of this appalling war. The main stronghold of this race is in the district lying between the Kuban and the Psib.

The European bison is a finer animal, in many respects, than its descendant, the American bison (*Bos Americanus*), commonly misnamed the "Buffalo."

It has longer horns and much better hind-quarters. A full-grown bull may stand well over six feet high at the withers, whereas the American species attains to no more than five feet nine inches. Both the Old and the New World species are distinguishable at a glance by the enormous height at the withers, and the luxuriant growth of hair on the head, neck, and forelimbs. In this matter of hairiness they are rivalled only by the nearly related Yak, but in this animal the hair hangs like a great screen from the flanks so as to conceal the legs, while the tail forms an enormous brush instead of being merely tufted.

In the matter of haunts, the European and American bison displays some striking differences, which, so far, have never been explained. The European animal is a forest-dweller, feeding upon the leaves of trees, which are stripped off as high as can

be reached, and upon the bark; while young trees are either broken down or uprooted. The American animal, however, is, or was, a creature of the prairies, feeding entirely upon grass. In its Canadian haunts, however, the American bison, like its European cousin, is a forest-dwelling animal. Hence we may assume that the prairie habitat represents a modification of the ancestral habits and environment.

Even if the Lithuanian herds are not deliberately shot down during the coming winter, they run a great danger of extermination, for they have always been partially supplied with food during the winter by the foresters. It is doubtful whether they will receive this consideration again till the forest passes once more into the possession of its royal owner.

The main danger which attends the future of herds which are kept under conditions other than those which are strictly natural, is the tendency for the proportion of males among the offspring to increase to an alarming degree, at the expense of the females. To such an extent did this prevail a few years ago in some of the herds of semi-domesticated bison in the United States that, as in the case of

the herd in Bronx Park, New York, every calf was put down as a bull as a matter of course! The wild Caucasian bison, it may be mentioned, have absolutely no protection, save forest laws.

As touching the habits of the Lithuanian bison, there is little to be said, further than that during the summer they roam about in small herds numbering from fifteen to twenty; while during the winter this number may be doubled by the amalgamation of two herds, probably for protection against the attacks of wolves, when, for the same reason, they seem to leave the recesses of the forests in order to go in search of higher and more elevated covert.

No experiments seem ever to have been made in crossing this animal with domesticated cattle. This has been done in America, and with a considerable measure of success. Here it was attempted in order to test the possibility of raising a strain of cattle that would be physically better able to resist the rigours of blizzards.

So far, no report seems to have been made on the beef of such hybrids. Inasmuch as the bison exudes a very decided odour of musk when living, this may constitute a serious drawback, unless it is bred out in the crossing. Since the bison has fourteen pairs of ribs, as against twelve in domesticated cattle, a successful crossing has great possibilities for the butcher. But the bison is a slow breeder, and



A SPECIES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION BY THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF LITHUANIA: A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD EUROPEAN BISON.

cause for sympathy with our Russian allies in their momentary adversity. For the area now under the merciless heel of Germany contains the great forests which harbour the only survivors of the typical bison (*Bos bonasus*) left in Europe. But for the jealous protection of the Tsar it would, even here, long since have vanished, and one trembles for the fate of the survivors now that they are, at any rate temporarily, at the mercy of a race which has displayed such a peculiar zest in destroying where more civilised peoples would have spared no pains to preserve.

This animal, known also as the Wisent, or Zubre, is, indeed, well worth preserving, for, in the first place, we have even yet much to learn in regard to its habits; and, in the second, it forms one of the most interesting of living links with prehistoric times, when it roamed all over Europe, including Great Britain. The bones found in the caves and superficial deposits of these islands show that large herds must have lived here.

If the worst happens, and *Bos bonasus* is sacrificed on the altar of "frightfulness," no living member of its race will exist, save in zoological gardens, and in private parks such as that of the Duke of Bedford, and of Count Potocki, in Volhynia. But the herd of the latter is likely to share the same fate as those in the forests of the Tsar.

It is true that bison still roam wild in the Caucasus, but these are of a different race. According



SOME OF THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE TYPICAL BISON LEFT IN EUROPE: ANIMALS TAKEN FROM RUSSIA TO GERMANY, AND PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE ESTATES OF THE PRINCE OF PLESS.

especially so in captivity. But for this it might be made of great economic importance, for its shaggy hide would be of considerable value as well as its flesh.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

MENACED WITH EXTINCTION BY WAR: EUROPEAN BISON IN LITHUANIA.

DRAWN BY ANTONI KAMIENSKI.



"THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE TYPICAL BISON (*BOS BONASUS*) LEFT IN EUROPE": A SHELL BURSTING AMONG A HERD IN THE GREAT FOREST OF BIALOWIESKA.

In his article on the European bison on the opposite page, Mr. W. P. Pyecraft writes: "The area now under the merciless heel of Germany contains the great forests which harbour the only survivors of the typical bison (*Bos bonasus*) left in Europe. But for the jealous protection of the Tsar it would, even here, long since have vanished, and one trembles for the fate of the survivors. . . . If the worst happens, and *Bos bonasus* is sacrificed on the altar of 'frightfulness,' no living member of its race will exist, save in Zoological Gardens, and in private parks such as that of the Duke of Bedford, and of

Count Potocki, in Volhynia. But the herd of the latter is likely to share the same fate as those in the forests of the Tsar. . . . Even if the Lithuanian herds are not deliberately shot down during the coming winter, they run a great danger of extermination, for they have always been partially supplied with food during the winter by the foresters." The forest of Bialowieska is said to be the largest in Europe. It lies in the Government of Grodno, near Bialystok, Brest-Litovsk, and Pinsk—a district lately the scene of violent fighting.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WAR AT 10,000 FEET IN THE AIR: AVIATORS CHASING THE ENEMY.



ARMED WITH A MACHINE-GUN; AND PURSUING A GERMAN AVIATIK ABOVE A SEA OF CLOUDS: A FRENCH "PARASOL" MONOPLANE FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10,000 FEET—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ANOTHER FRENCH MACHINE.



CHASING OFF GERMAN AEROPLANES AT A HEIGHT OF 6500 FEET: ANOTHER FRENCH MONOPLANE OF THE "PARASOL" TYPE FLYING AT FULL SPEED ABOVE NANCY TOWARDS SAINT NICOLAS DU PORT.

In the upper photograph (in the opening between the wings of the machine) may be discerned the passenger with his machine-gun. At the left-hand end of the aeroplane, in each case, is the whirling propeller. These remarkable photographs were taken from another of the French machines that were engaged in driving off an attack of German airmen near Nancy. They are of especial interest just now in view of the recent great activity of Allied airmen. On August 26 a squadron of 62 French aeroplanes

dropped 150 bombs on the shell and armour-plate works at Dillingen; while 60 British, French, and Belgian aeroplanes attacked the Forest of Houthulst, causing several fires. French raids have also been made on German positions in the Woëvre and the Argonne, the railway stations at Noyon, Chatel, Grand Pré, and elsewhere, an aviation park at Vitry, and an asphyxiating-gas factory at Dornach. On August 28 a French airman pursued a German at a height of 11,700 feet and brought him down near Senlis.

FROM MINE-CRATER TO FORTIFIED POSITION: THE RAW MATERIAL.



MADE INTO A FRENCH STRONGHOLD IN A DAY: A GERMAN TRENCH IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING BLOWN UP BY A MINE.

The great crater caused by the explosion of a land-mine is occupied as soon as possible, and, if there be time, is turned into a defensible position, an advanced foothold, within the enemy's line of trenches. The exploders of the mine are always on the alert for the dash in, and have their men in readiness to seize the place the moment the mine blows up. On some occasions the survivors of the men in whose lines a mine is exploded also make a rush for the crater, and several bayonet fights on the edge of such

cavities have been recorded. The occupants of the crater instantly set to work with pick and shovel to turn the new point gained into a small fort. This photograph shows a twenty-metre-long crater caused by the explosion of a mine under a German trench. The French speedily made it into a fortified position—in the manner illustrated on the following two pages by means of a remarkable series of photographs showing various stages of the work.

FROM MINE-CRATER TO FORTIFIED POSITION: A BLOWN-UP GERMAN TRENCH MADE A FRENCH STRONGHOLD IN A DAY.



THE FIRST STAGE IN THE CONVERSION OF A MINE-CRATER INTO A FORTIFIED POST: A BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT IS RUN ALL ROUND.



THE SECOND STAGE OF THE TRANSFORMATION IN A BREASTWORK



PROGRESS: GABIONS ARE BROUGHT UP AND FILLED—TRENCH IS ERRECTED.



THE FIRST TRENCH-SECTION OF THE POSITION READY: GABIONS, WICKER-WORK REVETMENTS, SAND-BAG HEAD-COVER, AND WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS IN PLACE.



PRACTICALLY COMPLETED: THE TRENCH-LINE GARRISONED AND RECESSED DUG-OUTS PREPARED.



IN THE CENTRE OF THE FINISHED FORTIFICATION: THE COMMANDANT'S DUG-OUT WITH ITS ZIG-ZAG APPROACH.

On the preceding page, we give a photograph of a German trench after a French mine had been exploded under it. Here we illustrate the same mine-crater being turned into a fortified position by the French. The mine-crater seized and firmly held, the work of fortifying it proceeds instantly, at breathless speed. All has been prepared beforehand by the trench's assailants. Close in rear of the stormers follow men with spades and coils of barbed wire. Setting to work the moment they arrive, these ring the outer edge of the crater round with the barbed wire, and dig a trench close behind it, which supporting troops and the stormers themselves man in anticipation of counter-attack. Next, although in reality the various parts of the work are carried through almost simultaneously, up come more men carrying gabions. These are basket-work cylinders, open at either end. The gabions are stood on end, touching one another, and earth is shovelled in rapidly, filling the gabions. Thus is formed a wall, or breastwork, of earth all round the new trench-line surrounding the crater and just within the

barbed-wire entanglement first made. It is capable of stopping bullets. The work may take from two to four hours before the gabion-wall is finished, but with that the outer fortification of the mine-crater is complete. Working parties inside the crater have meanwhile been levelling the uneven surfaces and heaps of debris caused by the explosion. Other working parties, who have brought with them piles of sand-bags, place these in position to form traverses and loop-holed embrasures for machine-guns and rows of smaller loop-holes for musketry and snipers. Lastly, when the outer works have to all intents been rendered impregnable to assault—the enemy having been kept off meanwhile—dug-outs are constructed and trench-passages and communication-ways made inside the enclosure. Thus what a comparatively little time before was a gaping chasm of shapeless heaps and masses of earth and stones becomes, by the stages described, and as illustrated in detail above, a trench-fort which only shells can damage. In the case illustrated the whole of the work was done in a single day!

LOCATING THE ENEMY SAPPERS BY EAR: A BRITISH LISTENING PATROL BETWEEN THE TRENCHES.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



PROFITING BY THE FACT THAT THE EARTH IS A CONDUCTOR OF SOUND: BRITISH SOLDIERS CRAWLING TOWARDS THE GERMAN TRENCHES ON A DARK NIGHT, TO HEAR WHETHER THE ENEMY IS ENGAGED IN SAPPING OPERATIONS.

In war the passive faculty of listening, strangely enough, has its uses, and is, indeed, on certain occasions indispensable. Thus, in trench warfare men are specially told off to listen, both above and beneath the ground, for any sapping or mining operations on the part of the enemy. Men driving a mine beneath the enemy's works have to listen underground for the approach of his countermines, and vice versa. Above ground, at night, listeners may detect the enemy at work on a sap. Our artist has here illustrated such an incident. Some British soldiers have crawled out between the trenches on a dark night, to find out if the Germans are sapping. This is done by holding

the ear close to the ground, and the results are communicated in a whisper to a comrade, who creeps back to his own trenches with the message. A telephone could not be used, as the voice would be heard by the enemy. An instance of the adventures met with in such work was mentioned not long ago by "Eye-Witness." "On the night of the 27th-28th," he writes, "one of our listening patrols north of Armentières had a hand-to-hand fight with about twenty of the enemy who suddenly attacked them. The Germans retired. . . . For these enterprises the Germans often arm their men with knives and revolvers."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

OUR NOTE BOOK

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is unnecessary nowadays to justify the moral position of England in the war. We can ask nothing better than the eloquent and convincing defence of our British policy delivered by the German Chancellor in the Reichstag. For the purposes of the further argument, it is not necessary to recapitulate it here otherwise than in outline. But lest the fine irony of the form in which he cast it, or the time that has since intervened, should have dimmed its meaning in any mind, I can briefly remind the reader what the Chancellor said. He said he had refused the English promise not to attack or conspire to attack. Apparently he had refused it on the ground that civilised Powers do not attack or conspire. So far we may manage to follow him: civilised Powers may not; but Germany does. That Germany does, he then proceeded to prove. Though civilised Powers do not attack anybody, he had asked for a promise of English neutrality in case civilised Powers should attack Germany. As it stands, this means nothing. It is lit up with a ray of intelligence by the admission that followed: that the immediate answer to the original English promise had been a demand that England should remain neutral in any case. This, surely, is final. What is the difference between a vow to be neutral and a vow not to be aggressive? What does it matter whether Jones promises Brown not to join in an attack, or whether Jones promises Brown not to join in a fight? There is one way in which it really does matter. It matters to Brown if he intends to attack somebody. If he means to fight Jones's friend Smith, Brown will have one enemy the more under the first promise, one enemy the less under the second. By the Chancellor's own admission he acted exactly as a man would act who contemplated taking the offensive. Next, he failed to get his complete neutrality; and tried to get it on condition that war was forced on Germany. What he meant by "forced" he then explained, trying to show the Germans were ready to treat with Russia, but not with Serbia, whom Austria had already attacked. Then, he says, Russia mobilised; and that made the war. By this view, mobilisation is a challenge, but invasion isn't. Austria was not provocative in beginning an actual war; but Russia was very provocative in preparing for a possible one. I need not here waste any more time over such rubbish. Everyone knows that if getting ready is an act of war, Russia had been doing it for about three days and Germany for about three years.

Is there any human interest in what the Chancellor meant behind the sardonic and even suicidal nonsense of what he said? I think there is; and I think the real German feeling is much more worth-knowing than such tired and clumsy hypocries. The Germans are quite insincere in saying they did not want to fight; but they are sincere enough in fighting. And they were sincere in the real sentiments that led them to fight. These sentiments can be found written quite plainly in their ethical and political literature up to 1914. It is only in war that the Prussians talk of peace: in peace they talked about nothing but

war. It is probable that the Prussian did honestly think himself a victor; it is not possible to believe that he thought himself a victim. Among his new and highly comic postures of Pacifism, the one I like best is the chivalrous attitude (actually taken up in the Chancellor's speech) of romantically rescuing the poor Balkans from the "pressure" of their pitiless enemy, Russia. I like that one; they will never do anything better than that.

But as the Germans apparently cannot express what they mean, we must try to express it for them. It is made harder because their meaning is masked by a fog of mere praise of the Teuton, in which it is hard to trace the outline of any definite idea. For the Teuto-maniacs all virtues are the special Teutonic virtues. They do not allow anybody else to specialise in anything. And this extends to Germanisers who are not even Germans. Compare, let us say, Mr. Houston Chamberlain defending Germany with Mr. Maurice Baring defending Russia. Mr.

the householder chooses, and German chimneys when the town council chooses.

But this tiresome trick of praising the Teuton as the complete human being only conceals the real truth: that he is a very incomplete human being who honestly thinks himself superhuman. The nearest to a colourless statement of it is that the Prussian is an exception trying to force himself as the rule. It is simply a lie to say that in this case Germany was attacked. But it is true to say that she more or less expected to be attacked; because she moved among men as a man moves among beasts. She guessed that she was unpopular; and she guessed right. Let us congratulate her upon this; and let us frankly admit to the Chancellor (in return for his own frankness) that if we are talking of pleasure, as apart from principle, almost any people in the world would at any time have taken pleasure in knocking the stuffing out of Prussia. Let us give him the full benefit of the full confession, that wherever there were liberties, wherever there were free and loyal contracts, wherever two or three were gathered together to trade equally or to argue honestly, there really was an unconscious conspiracy against Prussia. In all heartiness and simplicity let us own to the Chancellor that Prussia was not only poisonous to all men's principles and ruinous to all men's souls; let us own that she was also rabidly and incurably destructive of all men's practical interests. This complete confession should surely satisfy the Chancellor. In this sense it is true that Prussia is engaged in a war of defence: in the sense that only a war could defend anything so indefensible.

There is some institution called "The Something of Democratic Control," doubtfully supported by some of the most hopelessly undemocratic people I know. It professes a frightful fuss about "secret diplomacy." It regrets that Sir Edward Grey's communications with our Ambassadors did not originate in a spontaneous uprising of the whole populace, as

did the Insurance Act; with all those public rejoicings, among the poor which hailed the docking of their wages a few years ago. All such talk of secret diplomacy is discounted by a simple fact. If the democracy had differed from the diplomats it would certainly have been in being more bellicose. And as all the democratic classes are more anti-German even than the aristocratic classes, so all the more democratic countries are more anti-German than the aristocratic countries. And the more enlightened the democracy is, the more anti-German it is. Few will deny that the Frenchman knows more about French foreign policy than the Englishman about English foreign policy. And because the Frenchman knows the national policy more fully he also supports it more fully. It is idle to talk of letting the people know; the more it knows the more it hates. All alternatives, all evasions, fail before one inexhaustible fact of experience, which can be modified from Mr. Belloc's immortal couplet—

O conquering Teuton, does it ever strike you
The more we see of you the less we like you?

[Copyrighted in the U.S.A. by the "New York American".]



THE AIRMAN WHO WON THE V.C. ACHIEVING THE "INCREDIBLE": CAPTAIN JOHN AIDAN LIDDELL, AFTER HIS WOUNDS WERE DRESSED.

Seventeen centuries ago, Tertullian wrote: "Certum est, quia impossibile est" and his axiom might be adapted to-day to the heroic feat of Captain Liddell, of which the official account stated that "it would seem incredible." Of Captain John Aidan Liddell, 3rd Batt. Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland H.) and R.F.C., it said: "On July 31, when on a flying reconnaissance over Ostend-Bruges-Ghent, he was severely wounded (his right thigh being broken), which caused momentary unconsciousness. By a great effort he recovered partial control after his machine had dropped nearly 3000 feet, and notwithstanding his collapsed state succeeded, although continually fired at, in completing his course, and brought the aeroplane into our lines—half an hour after he had been wounded. The difficulties experienced by this officer in saving his machine and the life of his observer cannot be readily expressed. . . . it would seem incredible that he could have accomplished his task." It was found necessary to amputate the right leg, but at the time of writing there is hope for Captain Liddell's recovery.

Baring suggests somewhere that many Russians really shrink from obtaining political liberty, because they think it means losing social liberty. This is a suggestion, a suggestive suggestion; it is an idea and a distinction; one can test it as a hypothesis. Turn to Mr. Chamberlain; and you find him merely saying: "The German's love of liberty is a living thing, that fills his whole being, as the brain fills the skull which hides and envelops it, etc., etc., etc." Without inquiring into the particular case of Chamberlain's own brain (which possibly does fill his skull, so vast are its convolutions), I wish to point out that this remark is distinguished from Mr. Baring's remark by the fact that it is no use. It does not note any characteristic; it does not give any guide. It merely tells us in extravagant language that the German loves liberty; which every man does in some manner or degree. Even an Englishman who adored Germans would agree that this statement does not explain them. This, at any rate, is not the difference between English and German customs; this throws no light on the fact that English chimneys are swept when

TRENCHES 5000 FEET UP: AT BARRACKS COLOURED "FUTURISTICALLY."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.



THE WAR IN THE ALPS: AN ENTRENCHED ITALIAN POST ON A MOUNTAIN SPUR; WITH A CHAPEL PAINTED SO THAT IT MAY BE "INVISIBLE" AND IN USE AS BARRACKS.

In his note sent with the above illustration, our artist-correspondent with the Italian Army at the front writes: "It took me two hours to climb up to this picturesque spot, as it is situated nearly 5000 feet up (a third of the height of Mont Blanc), with a most precipitous ascent. It is astonishing to find trenches at this height, and there was one of the curious little chapels one sees so often in the Austrian Alps. Of course, I may not say where this particular one is situated, but it is interesting to note that it has been

transformed into a sort of miniature barracks, to house the troops who are in the trenches close by. The irregular, multi-coloured markings on front and sides are what is now generally used to disguise buildings in the battle zone. The trenches are elaborate, and embody all the latest improvements suggested by the war elsewhere. That shown is one of several round the chapel, with deep traverses to let the men get to their posts under cover."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FRENCH TRENCH-GUNS: CRAPOUILLOT; TAUPIA; AND ARBALIST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C



HORNED LIKE A SNAIL: A *BOMBE À CORNES* IN A *CRAPOUILLOT*
A 150-MM. MORTAR OF THE TIME OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.



GERMAN SHELL-CASES MADE INTO TRENCH-MORTARS TO FIRE BOMBS
AT THE GERMANS: SPECIMENS OF THE *TAUPIA*.



WORKED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN ARBALIST: A *SAUTERELLE* WHICH THROWS GRENADES
A DISTANCE OF ABOUT NINETY YARDS.

We need offer no apology for again illustrating the various bomb-throwing projectors in use by the French Army in the war of the trenches, for no illustrations of the subject have yet appeared so clear and interesting as the remarkable photographs we are now enabled to publish. Of those shown on this left-hand page, the one at the foot is known as a *sauterelle*, a kind of arbalist, somewhat on the ancient pattern, and throws grenades to a distance of about ninety yards. On the left above is one of the 150-mm. mortars of the time of Louis Philippe which have been unearthed from old citadels and

have done good service. It is termed a *crapouillot*, from its frog-like appearance, and is used for throwing bombs of the horned variety which look like a snail pushing its head out of its shell. On the right are examples of the *taupia*, an apparatus improvised by the French engineers. It consists merely of an unexploded German 77-mm. shell-case, with the point unscrewed, and a touch-hole bored in the base. It is fired by a match, and this little tube can throw a bomb weighing about 2½ lb. Its name was no doubt coined from the French word for 'mole' (*taupe*) as appropriate to underground warfare.

AIR-TORPEDOES AND AIR-MINES; AND THE WEAPONS THAT FIRE THEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C.



FIRING A FRENCH AIR-TORPEDO: A 58-MM. TRENCH-GUN WITH ITS "FINNED" PROJECTILE IN POSITION.



FITTED WITH AILETTES, OR TAIL-FINS, TO GUIDE THEIR FLIGHT: A MAGAZINE OF AIR-TORPEDOES FOR THE 58-MM. TRENCH-GUN.



THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF THE FRENCH ARMY'S TRENCH-ARTILLERY: AN 80-MM. MOUNTAIN-GUN WHICH CAN HURL AN AIR-MINE WEIGHING 236 LB. (SHOWN LOADED WITH ONE OF 130 LB.)

At the top of this page, on the left, is a 58-mm. trench-gun, which stands on a small platform, and has mechanism which enables it to fire with great precision the winged air-torpedoes shown in the photograph on the right. The angle of fire can be varied between 45 and 80 degrees. The air-torpedoes weigh about 33 lb., and can be hurled a distance of about 550 yards. But the most imposing piece of trench-artillery used by our French allies is that shown at the foot of this page. It is an 80-mm. mountain-gun with the wheels removed. The tube and the gun-carriage are mounted on an oak

platform, with counter-weights so arranged as to lessen the shock of the recoil. This gun can fire small mines weighing about 130 lb.; medium-sized mines of about 175 lb.; and large ones of about 236 lb. The photograph shows one of the small kind ready to be fired. The medium size is most used. It makes a crater some 26 feet in diameter and nearly 8 feet deep. The range can be regulated almost to within one yard. The air-torpedoes and mines are in two parts. The body of the projectile, which does not enter the gun, is attached to a tube which alone receives the propulsive force.

HOMES AND THEIR NAMES AT THE FRONT: NEAR THE FIRING LINE.



AS HISTORIC AS THAT IN THE STRAND, THOUGH LESS IMPOSING:
"SOMERSET HOUSE."



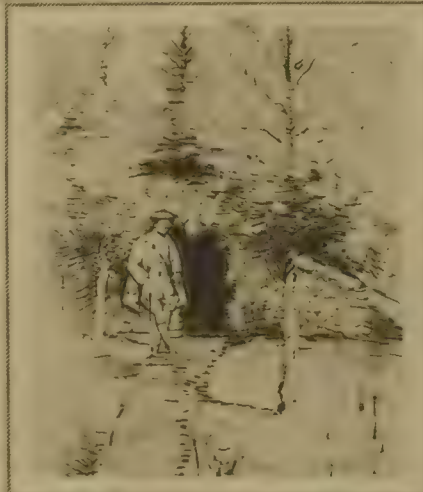
LONDON MEMORIES OF A WELL-FED ARMY: THE HOTEL DE LOCKHART,
OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.



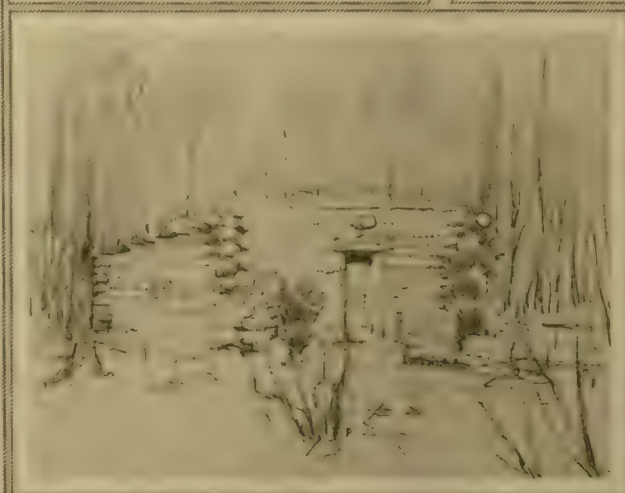
DECORATIVE GERMAN PROJECTILES: SHELL-CASES
CONVERTED INTO FLOWER-VASES, AT METEREN.



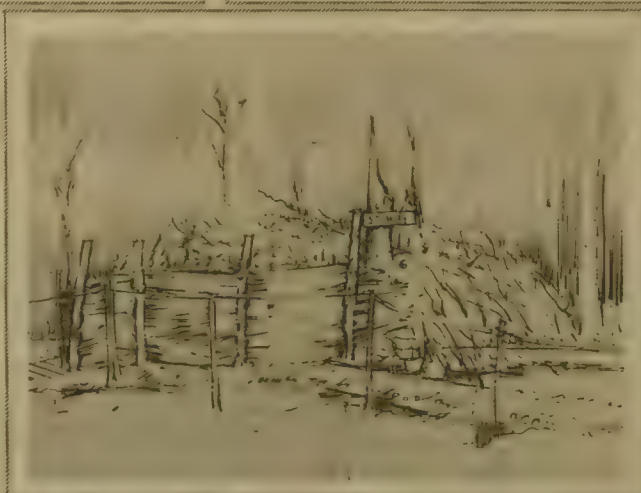
APPARENTLY UNDAUNTED BY THE ENEMY'S
BOMBARDMENT: HOUSES AT METEREN.



MORE RUSTIC IN STYLE THAN THE G.P.O. BUILDING:
TELEPHONE HUT, SITUATED IN A PINE WOOD.



NAMED AFTER THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S VERSION OF PLOEGSTEERT WOOD:
"PLUG STREET" HALL.



A NAME THAT PERHAPS RECALLS TO THE OCCUPANTS EAST ANGLIAN
MEMORIES: SCAWBY, A COUNTRY SEAT.

These drawings of "Plug Street" Hall and other rustic residences built by our men at the front, in a style suggestive of Robinson Crusoe's hut, illustrate the British soldier's love of home and his capacity for making himself comfortable in the most adverse circumstances. As regards the first-named structure, we may recall a picturesque description by a "Times" correspondent. "Upon the map," he writes, "you will find it due south of Messines under the name of Ploegsteert. The Army knows it as Plug Street, and is proud of it. . . . The defence of Plug Street will be one of the best-remembered episodes along this battle-front. . . . Now a forest town of comfortable

dug-outs has been laid out, new roads have been constructed upon which the men can reach any portion of the wood dry-shod. . . . We parsed up the 'Haymarket,' which in Plug Street, as in London, led us to 'Piccadilly Circus,' off which in some geographical confusion branched not only 'Regent Street' but 'Fleet Street' as well. The Strand and Oxford Circus also have their counterpart here. . . . Spy Corner and Dead Horse Corner bring one back to the realities of Plug Street." In the spring these thoroughfares were all deep mud, and the men laid over them strips of "corduroy" paving—small branches laid across stouter parallel branches.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GERMAN IDOL: AN INVADER OF RUSSIA.



*May the spirit of 1914/15
remain with us!
von Hindenburg.*

"MAY THE SPIRIT OF 1914-15 REMAIN WITH US"—MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG.

Marshal von Hindenburg spent most of his army life in East Prussia, where he commanded, in succession, the Army Corps at Königsberg and at Allenstein. During that time a Russian invasion of East Prussia was his obsession. He was ever rehearsing the defence of the Masurian Lakes and the forest regions in the district. How he used to plunge his soldiers into the marshes in his manoeuvres has been told. On his retirement he spent every summer exploring the district till he knew by heart every yard of the country and the depth of every lake to a foot. Then came August 1914, and the first Russian irruption into East Prussia. The Kaiser, remembering the activities of General Hindenburg, as he then was, recalled him from retirement by a telegram in the third week of August last year, and directed him to supersede General von François in the

supreme command on the Eastern front. The spectacular victory of Tannenberg followed, and the Russian invaders were overwhelmed at the Masurian Lakes. That startling feat made Von Hindenburg a Field-Marshal and the national hero of Germany. He has had charge of the German operations against Russia ever since, and is now directing the tremendous thrust across the Niemen, the ultimate issue of which all Europe is watching with anxious suspense. The Marshal is shown above wearing both classes of the Iron Cross. On the anniversary of Tannenberg the Kaiser is said to have ordered that the 2nd Masurian Regiment, No. 147, should in future be called Field-Marshal von Hindenburg's Regiment. "May the Spirit of 1914-15 remain with us—Von Hindenburg," is the translation of the autograph inscription beneath the portrait.

WAR AND THE NEUTRAL UNITED STATES: A STUDY.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN, F.R.P.S.



"THE MUNITION WORKS": AN EXHIBIT AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S SHOW.

There is so much interest in munitions of war that we need make no excuse for reproducing this very striking photographic study, even though it was taken some months ago, when there was snow on the ground. Further, it is topical. In the first place, it is one of the items at the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists; in the second, it was taken, as we have noted, in the United States, and the United States and munitions are much discussed in conjunction. To what extent those of our American cousins who manufacture war munitions are assisting the fighters in Europe on either side has not been made clear.

That a good many of them are aiding the combatants may be safely surmised, but details are lacking—and are not easily procurable, even when trustworthy. The British command of the sea is preventing the Central Empires getting what they want, except in the shape of casual supplies in insignificant quantities smuggled through neutral ships and by way of neutral ports. On the other hand, for the same reason, there is no bar to the Allies obtaining anything that passes the U.S. Customs. The outcry of German-Americans, and mysterious outrages at certain munition factories, suggest a considerable American output. Our photograph is by that famous artist-photographer, Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, F.R.P.S.

THE ITALIAN RIVER WAR: SCENES ON THE ISONZO FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROCHERRE.



BLOWN UP BY THE ITALIANS TO MAKE AN EMPLACEMENT FOR THEIR ARTILLERY: BUILDINGS AT SAGRADO, ON THE LOWER ISONZO. SOME MILES SOUTH-WEST OF GORIZIA.



THE FAMOUS ITALIAN SHARPSHOOTERS IN ACTION: BERSAGLIERI (WITH THEIR BROAD-BRIMMED AND PLUMED HATS) ADVANCING UNDER COVER AGAINST THE ENEMY.



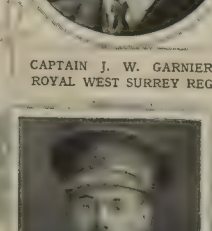
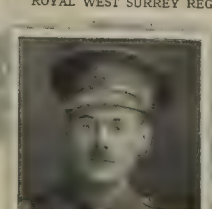
WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY IN AUSTRIAN TERRITORY ON THE ISONZO FRONT: HOUSES IN A VILLAGE IN THE PROVINCE OF GORIZIA WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY ARTILLERY FIRE.

Our photographs illustrate that portion of the Italian campaign against Austria that is being fought on the lower Isonzo, in the neighbourhood of the Austrian entrenched camp at Gorizia. The Italian troops some weeks ago occupied positions north and south of Gorizia, which they subsequently consolidated, and they have since been steadily pushing forward their advance on the Carso Plateau between Gorizia and Monfalcone. This high ground is of great importance as commanding the approaches to Trieste. Sagrado, shown in the upper photograph, is a small town on the Isonzo some eight miles below Gorizia. The latter place is about ten miles north of Monfalcone, and the Carso range extends for about the same distance in a south-easterly direction near the shores of the Gulf of Trieste

towards the port of that name. In the Italian communiqué issued at Rome on August 30 it was stated: "On the Carso we have captured several trenches, which we found filled with bodies, arms, and ammunition." The communiqué of the 28th said, with regard to the operations in the same district: "On the Carso also we bombarded effectively the outlet of Lake Doberdo, and columns of troops on the march between Doberdo and Marcottini." Towards the end of July the Italians had a great success in this district, capturing the strong position of San Michele and taking over 3000 prisoners. "In the centre," the official report stated, "we made progress towards the height of San Martino, east of Sagrado."

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, LAFAYETTE, SWAINE, SPEIGHT, ROBINSON, DOWNBY WESTON, ELLIOTT AND FRY, CENTRAL PRESS, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, AND LANGFIER.

MAJOR C. W. CROFTON,
WORCESTERSHIRE REGT.LIEUT. G. E. GRUNDY,
R. WARWICKSHIRE REGT.LIEUT. J. M. S. KENNEDY,
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.CAPT. J. D. BOSWALL,
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.CAPT. T. B. CHATTERIS,
SHERWOOD FORESTERS.CAPT. H. N. LE MARCHANT,
DORSETSHIRE REGT.LIEUT. HARRY S. TREVOR,
ROYAL ENGINEERS.CAPTAIN E. W. LLOYD-JONES,
ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.COLONEL MACLAURIN,
1ST INFANTRY BRIGADE, N.S.W.LIEUT. M. D. SPANKIE,
14TH K.G.O. SIKHS.CAPT. R. S. DURNFORD,
KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.CAPT. AND ADJT. H. P. L. HEY-
WORTH, N. STAFFS. REGT.MAJOR W. SANDBACH,
ROYAL LANCASTER REGT.BRIG.-GEN. A. H. BALDWIN,
38TH INF. BRIG., MED. EXP. FORCE.COLONEL A. R. COLE-HAMILTON,
EAST LANCASTHIRE REGT.CAPTAIN T. L. MILLS,
MIDDLESEX REGT.CAPTAIN W. LLOYD,
ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.MAJOR A. G. SHARP,
ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT.LIEUT.-COL. B. E. PHILIPS,
ROYAL WELSH REGT.LIEUT.-COL. F. M. ROWELL,
3RD L. HORSE, AUST. IMP. FORCE.LIEUT. L. C. BILLINGTON,
LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.2ND LIEUT. E. G. STEARNS,
ROYAL FUSILIERS.CAPTAIN JOHN MILES,
H.M.S. "DIOMED."MAJ. R. G. SHUTTLEWORTH, 110TH MAH-
RAITAS (ATTD. 9TH WARWICKS).CAPTAIN J. W. GARNIER,
ROYAL WEST SURREY REGT.CAPTAIN A. A. C. TAYLOR,
ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.CAPTAIN M. P. ANDREWS,
D. OF WELLINGTON'S REGT.LIEUT. H. N. L. RENTON,
KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS2ND LIEUT. ROBIN HOOK,
LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.CAPTAIN C. P. GWYER,
WELSH REGT.

Lieut. G. E. Grundy was the son of the late Rev. W. Grundy, Headmaster of Malvern College, and of Mrs. Grundy, School House, Abingdon. He was house-master of "Batten," Haileybury College. Capt. J. D. Boswall was the son of the late Major-Gen. Boswall, of Wardie, Midlothian, and held the two South African medals—Queen's (three clasps), King's (two clasps). Capt. T. B. Chatteris served in the Boer War. He was a keen polo-player and golfer. Lieut. Harry S. Trevor was the youngest son of Sir Arthur Trevor, K.C.S.I. (I.C.S. retired). Lieut. M. D. Spankie was appointed to the 14th K.G.O. Sikhs in 1910. Capt. Richard Selby Durnford was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Selby, C.B., of Hartley Wespall. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and subsequently became an assistant master at Eton College. Capt. H. P. L. Heyworth served in South Africa—Queen's medal (three clasps), King's medal (two clasps). He was Master of the Peshawar

Vale Hounds, 1911-1912. He was the son of the late Col. Lawrence Heyworth, the Welsh Regiment, and Mrs. Heyworth, Colne Priory, Essex. Major William Sandbach served in the South African campaign, was severely wounded on Spion Kop, mentioned in despatches, and received Queen's medal (four clasps), and King's medal (two clasps). Col. Arthur Richard Cole-Hamilton served with distinction in Egypt. He was the eldest son of Capt. W. C. Cole-Hamilton by his marriage with Miss Caroline Stuart, granddaughter of the first Earl of Castlestewart, and, on his father's side, a kinsman of the Earl of Enniskillen. Major A. Granville Sharp served in the South African War, receiving the Queen's medal (three clasps), and King's medal (two clasps). Capt. J. Warren Garnier served in South Africa—Queen's medal (three clasps). He was son of the late Rev. T. Parry Garnier, Hon. Canon of Norwich, and the late Hon. Mrs. Garnier.

Men who do the Empire's Work.

No. 5.—Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.



EVER on the alert—always wide awake—aching for a fight—ready night and day.
How pleasant a pipe of **Craven "A,"** how soothing, how helpful, how cheering.
Relieving the monotony—the tedium—the strain of constant watching and waiting.

Craven "A" is a unique mixture of over thirty different kinds of tobacco—blended by the original secret Craven process—the process that has made famous the name of Craven.

The wonderful rich, mellow flavour, the sweetness of smoking, and the delightful fragrance of **Craven "A"** are such as are usually associated only with the highest-priced tobaccos—and yet **Craven "A"** is sold at the popular price of **6d. per ounce.**

If you would experience the real luxury and delight of pipe-smoking, put **Craven "A"** in your pipe to-day.

CRAVEN "A"

MIXTURE

"Sixpence an ounce"

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists, or of Carreras, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, W., and 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, W., in 1-oz. and 2-oz. packets at 6d. per oz. and in hermetically sealed tins (with damper), 4 oz., 2/-; 8 oz., 4/-.

CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes (Virginia).

Corked Tipped, in tin boxes, 25 for 1/-
A real delight for the appreciative smoker.

Made by CARRERAS, LTD. (Established 1788), Arcadia Works, LONDON, E.C.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SHELL OUT!" AT THE COMEDY.

THE new revue, "Shell Out!" is as brisk and bright as a revue should be. You get at the Comedy (now granted what one may call a smoking license, and obliged to supply turns—four very good turns, too—as a qualification for the privilege) just such a go-as-you-please entertainment as the variety houses have been providing so lavishly of late; and Mr. Albert de Courville and his fellow-librettist, Wal Pink, and his composer, Herman Darewski have had too much experience not to make sure that a playhouse is as well served as the best of the "halls" in this respect. Plenty of tripping music and neat dancing, the right proportion of songs sentimental and chansonettes of the gayer type, fun that is rollicking, and pretty faces and dresses—all these elements you can count on; and there are pace and variety and picturesqueness about the show. Miss Edna Morgan has the "Flag Day" song, with the "Shell Out" refrain that has suggested the title



THE BELGIAN ARMY TAKES TO BRITISH SPORTS: AN INTER-REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL MATCH AT THE FRONT.

It is interesting to see that the Belgian soldiers have taken to playing football behind their lines, like our own men. The match illustrated was between a regiment of Lancers and machine-gun men.

of the piece, and she and Mr. Garry Lynch between them obtain the lion's share of the vocal work; sharing, for instance, in the river-side scene which, with its chorus of

canoeing girls, is bound to hit public taste. Miss Unity More is another popular favourite who is well served; her ditty "If the Girls could be Soldiers" early put the first-night audience on good terms with itself. As for the comic relief, this revue would be worth a visit if only for the sake of the drolleries of Mr. Fred Emney as an old lady getting over a stile or for the use of the gramophone in problem drama, or the exploitation of the moving-picture apparatus in a thief-farce. The fun of "Shell Out!" as you may gather, is thoroughly up to date.

"KICK IN." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Kick In" seems American slang for "shake hands," and you must be prepared to put up with a vast number of weird though picturesque slang phrases, and weird characters to match them, if you are to enjoy as thoroughly as you should this newest play about crime and crime-catchers imported from America. To what extent its "crooks" and police are really representative of those of New York does not much matter, since the author, Mr. Willard Mack, aims purposely at melodramatic and farcical effects. It is perhaps worth while remarking, in this connection, that we have other stage-play evidence to suggest that the picture Mr. Mack gives us in his opening scenes of the system of moral torture inflicted on suspects by their police captors is not so very extravagant. What does matter is that the playwright has got at once a thrilling and an entertaining story to tell us in "Kick In," and that he and his interpreters put such forcefulness and piquancy into their work that they carry you along with them by storm, and make you as eager as any child to see police brutality foiled by crooks (or rather, ex-crooks), who, in comparison with the detectives and inquisitors, are gentle and kindly creatures. When, after sheltering a dying criminal, Molly Hewes and her reformed husband dodge the trouble that seems overhanging them, and so checkmate the Police Commissioner that he is only too eager to grant them security in order to escape exposure himself, you feel as pleased and excited as though your favourite cricket team had won a game against odds. The racy acting of Mr. Ramsey Wallace, so quiet but strenuous as the hero; of Miss Helen Holmes, whose Molly plays as she pleases on your emotions; and of at least half-a-dozen other vivacious yet disciplined players, has much to do with this result.

The ensemble this American company secures is little short of wonderful.

Powerful and unconventional art inevitably creates controversy, but connoisseurs agree as to the strength and value of the work of Ivan Mestrovic, and will be



Photo C.N.

A DANISH TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF THE "E 13": THE BEAUTIFUL WREATH SENT BY THE LONDON DANISH SOCIETY.

The greatest sympathy and courtesy have been shown both in Denmark and by the Danes in this country with the victims of the German outrage on the British submarine "E 13," which was shelled while aground in neutral Danish waters, fifteen men of the crew being killed. The Danish ship "Vidar" brought fourteen of the bodies to Hull, and another was afterwards recovered. The coffins were almost hidden with wreaths. That sent to Hull by the London Danish Society contained over 700 exquisite carnations.

grateful to the Serbian Government for presenting to the Victoria and Albert Museum the marble torso of Strahinich Ban, as a mark of their appreciation of the interest shown in the recent exhibition of the peasant-sculptor's work.

ICY-HOT

Keeps Contents Ice Cold 72 Hours; Hot 24 Hours
ICY-HOT Vacuum Flasks

Afford hot or cold beverages at home or abroad when preparation is impossible. Indispensable when traveling or on any outing. They will furnish the men in the trenches with steaming hot, sustaining refreshment or a cooling drink when commissary is far away.

Thoroughly Protected Against Breakage
A thickly padded spring cushion at oval bottom makes flask practically unbreakable. Asbestos pads prevent vibration of inner flask, eliminating breakage at the neck.

Absolutely Sanitary
Projecting glass neck. Leak-proof by rubber ring. Instantly demountable. Easy to keep clean. Inexpensive to replace. The

"Tommy Atkins" Icy-Hot Vacuum Flask
shown here comes in container enameled in leather effect, with nickel-plated shoulder and drinking cup. Made for hard usage. Ideal gift for the soldier friend ordered to the continent. Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom.

At Chemists, Ironmongers, Drapers and Stores
THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.
132, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Price 4/6 and upwards.

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.



Automatic Adjustable Back.

The "BURLINGTON."

(Patented.)

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg rest is adjustable to various inclinations and when not in use it slides under the seat.

J. FOOT & SON, LTD., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

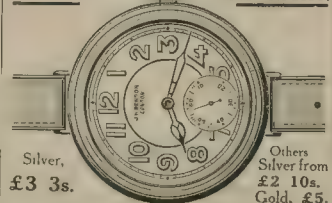
J. W. BENSON'S REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES



Artistically modelled of any Regiment
15ct Gold, with Enamel and Platinum Circles, £3 3s.

Any Military or Naval Badge can be reproduced in Gold and Enamel, with or without Diamonds. Sketches sent for approval.

Luminous "Active Service" Watch.
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



Silver, £3 3s. Others Silver from £2 10s. Gold, £5.

Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver SCREW Case, Dust and Damp Proof. WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS. Fully Illustrated List of Wristlet Watches, &c., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

No resort in England provides more opportunities for REST AND RECREATION, HEALTH AND PLEASURE, than the beautiful Isle of Wight.

Soft yet bracing air. Magnificent Coast and inland scenery. Lofly, sleeping downs. Charming health resorts at Ryde, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, &c. Yachting, Boating, Baiting, and Coaching facilities. Excellent Golf Links. Inexpensive Weekly Island Railway Tickets. First-class Hotels and Boarding Houses. For Illustrated Guide, post free, write to Secretary, 125, High Street, Newport, or respective Town Clerks.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

BENGER'S FOOD

differs from others, in its ability to partially digest, by self-contained and natural means, the fresh new milk with which it is prepared. Think how this helps the invalid through illness and convalescence!

Benger's is a pure natural food most dainty and delicious, and highly nutritive. Many patients say it is the one food which never becomes monotonous.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Please apply for a copy, post free.

Benger's Food is British made, and sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK U.S.A. 102, William St.
S. DNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt St. and Depots throughout CANADA.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

One peacemaker finds its way into every camp—"Three Nuns" Tobacco. It soothes the anxious, comforts the sick, is a divine solace in times of disappointment, a refreshment to the weary. There's no charm so potent to drive away gloomy thoughts and bodily pains as a pipeful of "Three Nuns."

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER 6¹/₂ OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES.

No. 385

MEDIUM

3d. for 10.



Children's Smocks

No. 1.—Smock in Crêpe de Chine, dainty colours, blue, pink, gold, sage, vieux rose, cinnamon brown, and white, in various sizes, 20 in. long, for child about 2½ to 3 years

Price 14/11

No. 2.—Charming Smock in fine white haircord muslin, with collar and cuffs and tiny buttons of coloured linen, pale blue sage, or vieux rose, smocking to match. Various sizes, for 18 ins. long

Price 12/6

Price List sent post free.

Robinson & Cleaver

The Linen Hall,
Regent Street, London, W.



No. 1.



No. 2.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
FLORILINE
FOR THE
TEETH.

have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.

Also put up in Powder form.
Absolutely BRITISH.
Why not give it a trial?

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER

Is not a Dye, but the Genuine Restorer; and for 30 years has never failed to restore Grey or Faded Hair in a few days.

HARMLESS, EFFECTUAL, AND PERMANENT.

Circulars and Analysts' Certificate Post Free. Sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, &c., in Cases, 10/6 each.
Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENIEN & SONS, Ltd., 29-33, Berners St., W., and 91-95, City Rd., London, E.C.

For 50 Years the World's Perfect Liver and Bowel Regulator

If you want to feel young and full of vigour be sure and keep your Liver and Bowels in good condition.

Nothing so safe, so certain or so gently satisfying as **Carter's Little Liver Pills**. Purely vegetable.

Millions of people, old, young and middle age take them for biliousness, dizziness, sick headache, upset stomach, and for sallow, pimply and blotchy skin.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

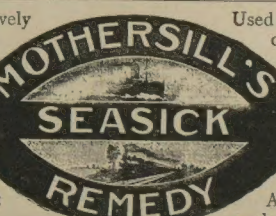
GENUINE must bear signature



Brent Good

This remedy, which positively prevents and cures **SEA SICKNESS and TRAIN SICKNESS**, has been tested on the English Channel, Irish and Baltic Seas by the leading London newspapers, who endorse its unflinching power to prevent mal-de-mer.

Of all Chemists, 2/3 & 4/6.



Used by Steamship Companies, on Atlantic Liners, Yachts, Motor Boats, Polytechnic Tours, &c., and has received testimonials from Royalty, the Nobility, Doctors, Chemists, Army and Naval Officers. Absolutely harmless and produces no bad after-effects.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., LTD., 19, St. Bride St., London, E.C.

GUARANTEED TO CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.
Memorial Emblems & Armorial Windows

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.
POLICE DOGS (AIREDALES) for house and personal guards 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS, from 20 gns.; pups, 5 gns.
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX and IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. & 3s. each.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH. The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE EUXESIS is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—

R. HOVENIEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory. From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c. Wholesale only: R. HOVENIEN and SONS, Ltd., Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

Oakey's WELLINGTON Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s. by Grocers, Ironmongers, Chimney, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Imperial Cars. Mighty is the modern motor on sea, on land, and in the air. To-day it holds its imperial sway, however the fluctuations of fortune swing the pendulum of Fate to or away from us. Perhaps for this reason Mr. Walter Dewis, the Managing-Director of the British Mercedes Motor Company, writes to say that his firm have now taken up the sole agency for the four and six cylinder Imperial cars hailing America as their country of origin. Well, I suppose it will be some long time before Mercedes cars will be sent here from Germany, so the next best thing for the people here is to try and sell American Imperial cars after the "car of kings," the phrase used by the Caustant people as a slogan for their wares. I am told the four-cylinder will be sold at £250, and the six-cylinder model at £300; but as I am away from London town and have not been able either to inspect or to try them, their value must await to be appraised in a later number of these notes.

Future of Shows. For some time

past there has been a movement to erect in London or its environs, a permanent "Palace of Industry" on the lines of the buildings commemorating the Paris Exhibition of 1881, or whatever the date was of its last World's Fair.

Of late years neither Olympia nor the Agricultural Hall has been equal to containing all the people willing to exhibit their manufactured products in various trade shows. It is certain that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders could never find room for all its exhibitors, hence various heartburnings. Now it is proposed to build a permanent hall for trade exhibitions near Willesden Green Metropolitan Railway Station, containing 500,000 square feet area of floor-space. This is somewhere about the size of the machinery hall at the

White City at Shepherd's Bush, so there does not seem much advance on the old halls as regards being a place big enough to hold all the motor-traders' exhibits. There are pessimists who cry, "Gone are the days of the Motor Show." I do not believe that the motor-carriage has yet settled down to the permanent standard lines that the push cycle has arrived at, and until that day arrives there will always be crowds of folk willing and anxious to visit such exhibitions, and plenty of firms willing and anxious to stage their goods in them. Consequently, the Motor Show will burst forth in all its old gay and joyous array as soon as we have put our foes "to sleep," as the Bombardier expresses it.



AN INTERESTING MOTOR-CYCLE MEET IN THE MIDLANDS: HARLEY-DAVIDSONS AT SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE. Stratford-on-Avon is a veritable Mecca for motorists, and our photograph shows a recent meet at Shakespeare's birthplace. All the riders hail from Birmingham, and are using Harley-Davidson machines. They are all customers of that well-known company, whose head depot is at 59, Newman Street, London, W.

Two-Stroke Engines.

Many folk were apt to laugh at the early efforts of both the motor and flying experimenters. Yet, in face of considerable jeering, the early enthusiasts persevered until, as everyone can see for themselves, they came out "right on top." Well, it seems to me that, although the present four-cycle motor is doing splendid work, yet the two-stroke engine has not been half developed. Perhaps the observant have noticed that it is advancing into favour with the motor-cycle makers. Mark my words—the words

of Willys Waiter (there! I have let out the secret of the initials that conclude these notes each week, so I hope the ladies will be satisfied) the two-stroke engine will be further adapted for the four-wheeler, and the new models will come out like hot cakes, fast and frequent. And even if there is no radical change, but only a slow, gradual improvement, both trade and fashion demand certain meeting-grounds—hence horse fairs—so that the weary, woe-begone worriers who cry like Cassandra will all be disappointed, for the annual Motor Show will continue to be a source of profit, of expense, of amusement, of exasperation, of advertisement (according to how it suits each individual participating in it) for many, many years to come. And it is well that such shows should be held, as they consolidate the trade itself and attract visitors from all parts of the world to our Metropolis for the estimable purpose of spending money. And, my word! we shall want all the money we can get spent in this country for some time to come when we have settled the bills. W. W.

The latest development in the fountain pen is the new lever pocket self-filling pen invented by the makers of the world-known Waterman's Ideal. The distinguishing features of the new model are the rapidity with which it can be filled, and its simplicity. The self-filling device is a small lever which fits flush on the barrel and in no way detracts from the appearance of the pen or interferes with one's comfort in handling. To fill, all one has to do is to raise and lower the lever—the work of a moment. Users of the new model will find that it is in every way the equal of the regular type Waterman's Ideal. The new model is sold at 12s. 6d. and upwards. An illustrated leaflet describing the pen may be obtained, post free, from L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, W.C.

If Men Knew How To Lather—They would Shave with More Comfort.

COLGATE'S

SHAVING STICK

The action of the lather on the beard is to remove the oily covering on each hair. Then the water can get at the hair to soften it. So the one logical place to mix the lather is on the face, where every motion of the brush not only works the lather up but works it in. This Colgate way—without the cup—makes unnecessary any "mussy" rubbing-in with the fingers.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Packed in handsome rust-proof nickelled box, most convenient for Officers' Kits, and always ready for use.

COUPON. (Dept. S. 9.4.15.)
COLGATE & CO.
 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.
 Please send me a trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick in a handsome Nickelled Box. I enclose 2d. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage.
 Name
 Address
 Makers of Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream.



Unremitting research & patient experiment have given to

Wood-Milne

Motor Tyres

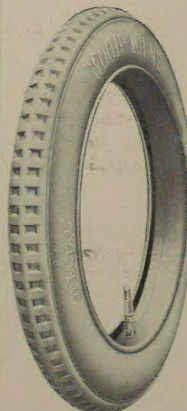
their renowned qualities of **STRENGTH & ENDURANCE**

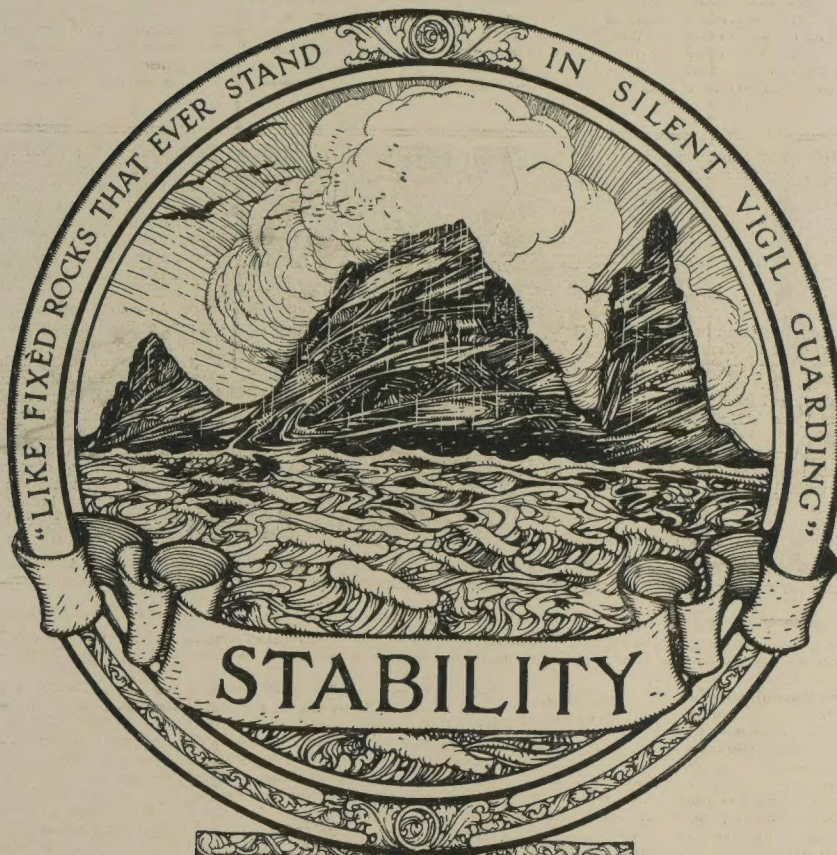
No "rule of thumb" methods—we know exactly *how* and *why* everything is done.

And so, we also know what our tyres will do, and are able to Guarantee them—a comprehensive guarantee, mind you, covering all road risks, except fire.

Square Tread 3,000 Miles.
All-Rubber & Steel-Studded N/S 3,500 Miles.

WOOD - MILNE, LTD., PRESTON.
 Telegrams—"Comfort, Preston." Telephone—Preston 413
 LONDON ... MANCHESTER AVENUE, E.C.
 Telegrams—"Byturning, London." Telephone—City 4797
 BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, BELFAST, DUBLIN, GLASGOW.





STABILITY

Whatever the great majority of motorists may say of other tyres, they seldom have anything to say against the Dunlop.

They have got it firmly fixed in their heads that Dunlops are "distinctly good."

This mass of stable opinion is of enormous value.

Its genesis, growth, and permanency lie in the fact that the *average* Dunlop gives results of a higher consistency than any other tyre; the quality is stable.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LD.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre
Industry throughout the World,
Aston Cross, :: Birmingham.
14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

LADIES' PAGE.

THERE is evidently some confusion of thought about the duty of women in regard to urging men to go out to help in the war. Broadly speaking, one finds that men who are already "doing their bit" in the field are anxious that women should exercise all the pressure at their command on the men who are stopping at home; while the men who are staying at home are, for their part, even ferocious in their denunciations of women who express an unfavourable view on the subject. It is a puzzle for us to decide what we ought to do! Thus, Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District, says to us: "I charge you women of England to see that we fail not. On you depends the issue! You are doing magnificent things, but you can do more; that is, make every man in whom you have an interest come forward." But on that very same day, a certain Deputy-Coroner in London, investigating the death of a man who was said to have gone out of his mind because women worried him for not going to the war, declared that "the conduct of such women was abominable"; those who try to induce men to enlist he declared to be "a pack of silly women," and "he hoped something would soon be done to put an end to such conduct." The Deputy-Chairman of the London Sessions, again, dealing with a man who had knocked a woman down and broken her arm because she called him a coward, merely bound the prisoner over, on the ground that "the woman had failed to do a most excellent thing, namely, to mind her own business," and "no doubt the prisoner was annoyed by the women's provoking tongues." On the other hand, the promoters of the movement to obtain immediate conscription consider it so much a part of women's business that they began their campaign by a meeting of women only at Queen's Hall, London.

National Service, such as France, Germany, and most European countries have installed, at least has this advantage, that it leaves no room for these painful alternate appeals to and abusive tirades about women's action in relation to the war service of men. It is monstrously cruel to expect individual women to urge the enlistment of the men who belong to them: their very own sons, husbands, or sweethearts. On the other hand, it is absurdly false to say that it is no business of ours whether an adequate number of men are nobly willing to volunteer to give their strength and risk their lives to defend our country and our homes, and to secure our personal safety from outrage, and our children from injury and death. There is a strange fatality about the large proportion of women and children murdered by German air raids on civilians in England up to now. As the bomb-droppers are perfectly indifferent upon whom their missiles of destruction alight, and as men and women are equally found in the imperilled positions, it is extraordinary how large a proportion of the victims have, in fact, been women and their babes. But all that has been done against us by this treacherous and cowardly means is as nothing to what would be the fate of the women and children of this land if invasion were accomplished. Every woman capable of looking at things as they are must needs, therefore, feel revolted by the assertion that it



A PICTURESQUE FROCK OF PINK
ORGANDI AND WHITE NINON.

The skirt is edged with black velvet. Cape and parasol
Rose du Barri taffeta. Hat black, with pink roses.

is "none of her business" whether our men are going to defend efficiently their homes, their wives and mothers and children, or not. And apart from the personal question, how dare any man assert that we are not minding our own business when we care intensely whether this, our "Land of Hope and Glory," is to become a German tributary province or to remain a nation? But it is arguable whether we ought to express our feelings of admiration and gratitude for those who have gone and our anxiety that a sufficiency of others should be prepared to go, in an individual or an impersonal manner.

Mr. Pearce, chairman of a London restaurant company which has a number of shops catering for the poorer classes, observed at the meeting last week that the receipts had been affected by men customers having gone to the Army, and women taking their places. The men's average price for a dinner, he said, was a shilling or one-and-two-pence; but the women's average is only sixpence or eightpence. This is a great mistake on the women's parts; the human machine can no more work at its best and fullest capacity without being stoked by adequate fuel than can an engine; and underfed girls will fail in the work that men did on better food. The Bank of England found that its women's average loss of time from illness was strikingly reduced by the establishment of a restaurant at which the girls were compelled to take a proper meal. Good food, rest, and recreation are as necessary to us as fuel and oil to mechanism.

As we are looking in every direction for food economies, we may utilise pumpkins, which are just now abundant, and often allowed to go to waste. American pumpkin pie consists of two thin layers of pastry with the stewed gourd, mashed, sweetened, and flavoured with cinnamon or ground mixed spice, as a central layer. More acceptable to many will be pumpkin soup (*potage de potiron*). The French flavour this soup either with salt and a touch of cayenne pepper, or with sugar, according to the taste of the diner, just as they do melon eaten raw at the beginning of dinner. The followers of the sugar idea declare that pumpkin soup is infinitely better lightly sweetened than salted; but both ways should be sampled. The potage is simply made. A slice of ripe, juicy pumpkin, weighing about a pound when cut off the rind, is simmered till soft in a little water very slightly salted; it needs but ten minutes or so, stirring frequently. It is then strained from any superfluous water, and mashed, either through a colander or a wire sieve, and returned to the pan with two ounces of butter, which is to be stirred well up; pour in and mix, stirring all the time, a pint of boiling milk; then pour immediately into the tureen, in which is sliced up half a French roll; or if that is not available, have some dice of bread fried crisp in butter or dripping to hand with the soup. A little sugar or a little salt is added in the soup-plate at the diner's option, but it should be very little of either, or the delicate flavour is lost. Vegetable marrow soup can be made in the same way. Onion, celery seed, or parsley and sweet herbs can be added at different times to make variety. Pumpkins are also most accommodating in taking the flavour of anything cooked with them, and so can be mixed with plums or apples in an ordinary English fruit tart or pudding when the fruit is scarce; or boiled in the ordinary way with fruit for jam will produce good results.—FILOMENA.

A French Preparation

Officially adopted by the French Government, Public Health Authorities, and Hospitals.

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
GRAVEL.
CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
MIGRAINE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
ACIDITY.



THE VICTIMS OF URIC ACID

Arthritic subjects take a course of URODONAL every month, which eliminates the Uric Acid from their system, and thus safeguards them from attacks of Gout, Rheumatism, or Nephritic Colic. On the first indication of red or sandy deposits, or on the least painful symptom, stiff joints, etc., URODONAL should at once be resorted to.



URODONAL is a first-rate initial treatment before mineral water "cures" by eliminating the excess of Uric Acid. It also takes the place of these "cures" if necessary.

Poisoned by URIC ACID,

Tortured with Pain, he can only be relieved by

URODONAL

Because URODONAL dissolves Uric Acid

N.B. — URODONAL (price 6/- per bottle) is prepared by J. L. CHATELAIN, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Paris.

Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or post free from the British and Colonial Agents, *Appell* Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can also be obtained, post free, a full explanatory Booklet giving Doctors' Opinions on How to Maintain Health, and "Lancet" Report of 19th December, 1914.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRÈRES, 63, Rue Notre-Dame-Est, Montreal, Canada. Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Chiff Street, New York, U.S.A.